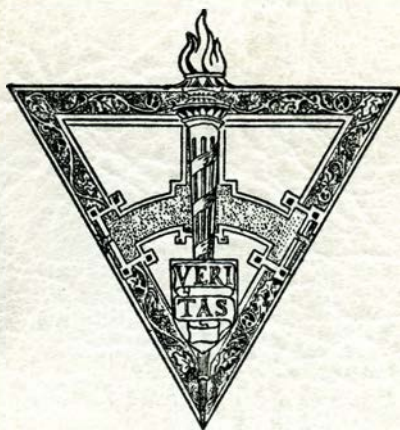


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VOL. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1923

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Francois Villon to Catherine de Baucelles



JUST all men win their sweethearts but not I?

I can sing tender golden songs, and cry

Things that the stars dim their blue flame to hear!"

She answered: "Thou art penniless, my dear!"

"I can pluck down the sun, yon orange fair,

From the blue tree of heaven, and prepare

Upon a silver moon-dish love's repast."

She answered: "Go! I have broken my fast!"

*Vincent McHugh, '27*

## ST. THOMAS, PATRON OF SCHOOLS

**T**HE PROCLAMATION of November 13 as the feast-day of St. Thomas Aquinas, Patron of Schools, recalls to the thinking Catholic college man those qualities of the Angelic Doctor with which his own education should endow him. The moral and theological virtues he shared with the whole fold of Christ, but those perfections which made him an educated Catholic gentleman are reserved to us for appreciation and emulation. Pope Leo's designation of him as our patron makes it fitting that on an occasion such as this we should look to him as a model Catholic collegian as well as the renowned saint, eminent philosopher and pre-eminent theologian to which too narrow a view is bound to restrict him.

In an age when the findings of physical science are so marvelous that its enthusiasts are hailing it as the ultimate deliverer of mankind from the Biblical injunction to labor, a realization that its methods are a heritage from the scientific system of which St. Thomas was the foremost exponent is most salutary. For an adequate realization of this will be accompanied by the knowledge that even physical science has limitations which some physical scientists repeatedly ignore. The Thomistic philosopher accepts those theories of science which have a reasonable foundation and considers those unsound hypotheses, with which the modern world is inebriated, as interesting flights of the imagination. Any superiority which modern science has over the Schoolmen is due to fortunate inventions or opportune discoveries and even as such is credited ultimately to the Schoolman, Roger Bacon.

The great developments, which have taken place in the historical sciences in the last few centuries, make it imperative that the educated be able to criticise their productions intelligently. For the printed word is so potent that skilfully concealed error remains undetected without the most careful consideration. The true historian is always concerned with the views of actual witnesses, and not with the views of prejudiced recorders or their own personal opinions. He seeks the source and inquires into its authenticity. The fact that a falsifying Gibbon and a fraudulent Haeckel are still accepted as competent historians by many of the educated is sufficient indication that the seeker of truth (which each one of us is) should be on his guard against another Gibbon or a reincarnation of Haeckel. St. Thomas may well

be our example. When insidious infidels were quoting Aristotle to prove their doctrines, St. Thomas confuted them by obtaining a correct translation of the Stagirate and exposing their historical inaccuracy. While it is improbable that we shall ever be obliged to expend the same effort in a similar task, we should be willing to do so rather than be an Averroes to some Aquinas, or a dupe to some iconoclastic charlatan.

The object of a college education should be culture, that is, the *faculty* of acquiring and appreciating, and not the *actual* acquiring of a definite and particular information. It is realized in an attitude of mind, in a mind trained to grasp any subject, not in a mind trained to grasp succeeding phases of a certain subject. An expert is usually a college man, but a college man is not necessarily an expert—when he leaves college. He should be able to view life as a whole, before he learns to be an expert in some department of life. While none of us can hope to attain to the breadth of St. Thomas' grasp on life (which, we may be surprised to hear, included a philosophy of athletics) we, as his disciples, should strive for at least a relative emulation. Most of us have had forced on us some appreciation of the useful arts. But it is doubtful if many of us have been willing to have forced on us an appreciation of the fine arts. Music means to us what it means to the grammar-school child—the latest popular song. A painting is the work of a man who was starving when he did it and therefore could not have been in his right senses. Sculpture is something the Greeks enjoyed for lack of something more practical. Architecture is to be admired when a Sunday sermon gets prosy. The drama is found in its perfection at a "movie" or vaudeville. A novel is a good sleeping powder. And poetry is something for long-haired and short-haired women. The only direct knowledge we have that St. Thomas was artistically appreciative is derived from his poetry. Yet that, though exclusively religious, is so vivid, exact and imaginative that we are justified in inferring that the artistic revival with which his time is associated did not fail to influence him. We, too, are not so fully occupied with spiritual and practical affairs that we can pass over with a mere comment our century-old heritage of the aesthetic possibilities in life.

The philosophic acumen of Aquinas is so well known to us that a eulogy thereon could not fail to be wearisome. All of us have heard of his feat in defending a difficult thesis against learned opponents on his first public appearance. But it cannot be too often repeated

that he was able to do so because he was able to distinguish a specious argument in an apparently insurmountable objection. We, whose training in his system should fit us to do likewise, can best accomplish our end by seeking always for the idea which the word expresses and not being content with the construction which our opponent seeks to give it.

The profundity of the writings of St. Thomas is so impressed upon us that we are in danger of forgetting that he was deeply absorbed in the workings and weaknesses of the human heart, and was, moreover, able to move it to action by his eloquence. But it is well-authenticated that such was the case. If we had no other testimony than that portion of his writings which is concerned with the art of oratory, we could be assured that his knowledge of the foundations of eloquence must have been grounded on internal experience. For he cites as the prime requisites consistency to the subject, clearness of exposition, brevity of exposition, and emphasis on the matter rather than on the man speaking. The last of these, which he expressed by "humility," is sadly lacking in most modern oratory, and as the jewel of Christian virtue it should be sought after and carefully cherished by the incipient Demosthenes.

The organism known as society and constituted by each individual has not failed to engage the attention of the least comprehensive of philosophers. The Angelic Doctor has also built up for those who adhere to his principles a complete social philosophy. In this phase of life, as in all others, his conclusions are the result of accurate observation, exact classification and logical reasoning. He considers the conservation of the fundamental rights of the individual to be the fundamental duty of the State. The tendency of the modern State is towards a different goal—the perfecting of the State at the expense of the rights of the individual. It is a debatable question whether or not fundamental rights have as yet been attacked in our own State, though those who have attacked certain rights in the name of public welfare do not admit that it is debatable. St. Thomas recognized that the interests of the community as a whole are superior to the rights of a single individual. Particular application of this principle, must, however, be judged individually. It is the duty of the Catholic college man to make that judgment, since he should be best fitted to do so. It is also his duty to shout from the house-tops if necessary, when he finds that in a particular instance he judges unfavorably. He who is well-armed should strike first.

The master mind of Aquinas was but a component part of him,

whose most precious achievement was the all-embracing love of God and man. From his earliest childhood he was the exemplification of that much-abused word and mountain-mover power, charity. The sounding of brass and the tinkling of symbols were as alien to him as a modern heresy. On but one occasion was he harsh in his treatment of an opponent. He was no less noted for his mildness than for his might. His lack of worldliness was as great as his unwillingness to impose on others his ascetic practices. Yet he himself was ever concerned with placing truth above the assaults of its enemies and securing goodness from disparagement. He was in the world and of it. It was to him a footstool for the feet of God. With it as a ladder, he climbed to Heaven.

The Thomas of Aquinas is, indeed, the patron of the Catholic collegian.

*James F. Keleher, '24*



## SOME RELATIVISTIC ASPECTS OF REALITY

**T**HE THEORY of Relativity, as exposed by Professor Einstein and his disciples in recent popular and scientific literature, has occasioned considerable comment; and has aroused, if it has not satisfied, that more or less innate yearning that we all have for the mysterious and the unknown. The professor himself asserts that there are only twelve men in the world who thoroughly understand his theory. While the writer is not presumptuous enough to claim membership in such an esoteric circle, still he has been able to follow the learned scientist through the initial stages of that journey which has lead to such lofty, and to the ordinary mortal, inaccessible heights. In doing so, the writer has derived no little intellectual pleasure and profit; and it is with the hope that his readers may enjoy similar benefits that he undertakes the exposition of some of the facts and notions which legitimately afford a foundation for a theory of relativity.

The basis of the whole theory is Motion which, when considered in relation to Space and Time, gives rise to our notion of Velocity, while our notion of the Size of bodies proceeds as a necessary consequence of our notion of Space. Consequently, I shall confine my consideration of the subject to a consideration of five things, viz., Motion, Velocity, Size, Space and Time.

*Motion.* A body is said to be in local motion when it is passing through a series of new and successive spacial dimensions. Thus, a train, before leaving a station, has certain definite spacial relations to the bodies immediately surrounding it. But as it begins to move away from that station it immediately assumes new spacial dimensions in regard to the bodies now surrounding it, and so on throughout the entire course of its motion.

Let us now consider the motion of a cannon-ball fired vertically into the air. From the time it leaves the cannon until it reaches its highest point, it passes through a series of spacial dimensions and, if fired in a true vertical line, will return through the same course *in relation* to the earth. To us, viewing this motion from the earth, the course of the projectile is apparently a straight line. But what is its true course through space? Is it really a straight line or not? To answer



this question, let us imagine ourselves outside the universe where we can see the motion of the earth. We shall see this earth whirling through space at a tremendous rate of speed, revolving on its own axis, while at the same time traveling around the sun. Consequently, from the time the ball leaves the cannon until it returns to it, the cannon itself has moved many miles through space. What, then, is the true course of the projectile, considering its spacial dimensions, in relation to other bodies of the universe besides the earth? We shall immediately perceive the motion to be in the form of a huge arc. We now ask ourselves whether bodies ever really move in a straight line. Relative to the earth they do, but actually through space this straight line is not straight. Do they ever move in a straight line? Possibly, but to us they would appear as a curved line.

Naturally, then, Mr. Einstein concludes that motion is relative.

*Velocity.* We must first distinguish between the notions of speed and velocity. Speed is the rate of change of displacement of a body; velocity is the rate of change of displacement of a body in a given direction. But since, in the cases to be cited later, the objects mentioned are considered as moving in a definite direction, we shall here use the term Velocity.

Velocity, too, may be considered relative to the earth or relative to other bodies in space. But there are many things which produce effects upon the velocity of bodies, as gravity, atmospheric resistance, centrifugal forces, etc. Let us first consider the velocity of a bullet fired from a pistol. It passes through different spacial relations at a certain rate. This rate we know only in relation to the earth. But let us again imagine ourselves outside the universe where we can also see the velocity of the earth itself. We measure the velocity of the bullet by calculating the distance from the point at which the bullet began its motion to the point at which it ceased to move. But this point, at which the bullet ceased to move, since the earth is traveling at an enormous rate of velocity, actually moves a great distance, either away from the pistol or towards it, according to the direction in which it is fired. Now, if the pistol is fired in the same direction in which the earth is moving, that point is actually moving away from the bullet, and thus the bullet really changes its spacial dimensions, considered in relation to the universe, at a rate far superior to that actually attributed to it. Again, if it be fired opposite to the earth's direction, it actually remains perfectly stationary or travels in the opposite direction, according to the force impelling it to move. Thus,

we see that, viewed from outside the universe, the speed of a body on earth may be zero, or even a negative quantity, while in relation to the earth it is certainly something positive.

To illustrate the effect of centrifugal force on velocity, the following experiment might be made. To the opposite ends of a diameter of a wheel let two pistols of equal calibre be attached, both muzzles pointing in the same direction. Let the wheel be revolved rapidly on its axis and the two pistols fired instantaneously at some object. Since one pistol will be moving toward the object and the other away from it, the bullet from the former will reach the object first. May we not apply this same principle to the earth revolving on its axis? Easily, then, do we see that speed also is relative.

**Size.** Size, generally speaking, is the amount of internal space which a body occupies. It is needless to say that the measurement of size is relative, since every measurement is merely a relation to some standard of measurement. But, the assertion that size itself is relative, requires some explanation.

The size of a body is apparent to the mind through either of two senses, viz., sight and touch. As sight is the more common of the two, we shall discuss the relativity of size as an object of that sense.

It is a matter of experience with all of us that the size of an object varies with the conditions affecting the sight. Thus, an object placed at a distance of a hundred yards from the eyes appears much smaller than if it were at a distance of a few feet. Likewise, a small object placed immediately in front of the eye might appear so large as to exclude the visual apprehension of all other objects. The question presents itself as to what distance from the eye an object should be in order that we may apprehend its true size. The answer will depend on the physical condition of one's vision and also on the true size of the object itself. We now have a relativity of the apprehension of size to the conditions affecting the sight and those affecting the object itself. As to the size itself, considered extramentally, we may take it as something definite which, however, can be apprehended only through the senses and then only relatively.

**Space.** The general notion of space is a mistaken one. This fact may be demonstrated by a consideration of the image which usually accompanies the idea of space. It represents some unlimited void which the imagination pictures as a receptacle in which bodies may exist but which our reason actually assures us is nothing.

This familiar image of an empty receptacle for bodies is what we have in mind when we think of bodies as existing "in space." But, such an image is not an image of reality, and not even of possible reality.

And yet, our primary notion of space must necessarily be of some reality. That reality is the total amount of the actual extension or magnitude of all created and coexisting bodies; not, however, this total magnitude, considered absolutely and in itself (abstractly), but as endowed with real and mutual relations of all its parts to one another, which relations are apprehended by us as distances of one, two or three dimensions.

We now see that space is not something absolute, but is entirely relative to all existing matter. It is not a great, unlimited void, as it is generally conceived, for its magnitude is entirely dependent upon the total amount of the extension and magnitude of all coexisting bodies.

The question is often asked as to whether such space can be unlimited or infinite. We answer negatively, for if such were the case, it would be necessary that an infinite number of extended beings exist at the same time. But, this is impossible, since it would necessitate the realization of all possible beings together with the existence of all actual beings at the same time. With these notions, we may now put space in the category of relative things.

*Time.* To attempt a clear and concise definition of time is almost an impossibility, since time in itself is not something objective but is merely a relation, for we derive our notion of time from our perception of motion or change mainly from our consciousness of change and succession in our own conscious states. But real change involves a continuous succession of real states; it is a continuous process of "becoming" and it is the duration of a being subject to change of this kind that we call time, or temporal duration. The continual and continuous series of successive states involved in change is, therefore, the real and objective content of our notion of time, just as the coexisting total of real extended bodies forms the content of our notion of space. Time is continuity of change. Where there is change, there is time; where there is no change, there is no time.

We can now see that the measurement of time requires certain standards of measurement and those natural standards are the motions of the earth on its axis and around the sun. All other devices, such as hourglasses, watches, clocks, etc., are simply contrivances for the

more convenient application of those general and natural standards to all particular events.

But even with the aid of such devices our measurement of time duration can attain only to proximate accuracy, since our faculties of sense perception are so limited that the minutest fluctuations cannot be detected. Moreover, it is necessary that any standard used for time measurement be regular, and we have no guarantee that the motions we actually employ are absolutely regular. Reflection will show that our appreciation is also relative, not absolute. It is always a comparison of one flow of conscious experiences with another.

An illustration of this relativity of time to motion or change may be found in our own experiences. Thus, for example, if, having no time devices at hand, we are asked to calculate the time of day, we immediately find ourselves conjuring up the different activities which have come to our attention, and calculating from them the amount of time which has elapsed since we last knew the exact time. On the other hand, if we spend some time at an occupation, during which we have not been aware of any succession of changes, we find ourselves at a loss as to a means of calculating the time of day. With these notions, then, we can have no difficulty in comprehending the relativity of time.

These are some of the facts and principles on which Professor Einstein bases his theory of relativity. They did not, it is true, escape entirely the attention of previous philosophers; but the manner in which they have been presented deserves commendation. The realistic philosophers, from Aristotle to the neo-Scholastics, have as a rule recognized the relativistic character of certain realities, though they have insisted that there are other realities which have an absolute character. Whether the professor aims at the establishment of the thesis that all reality is relative, we are not prepared to say. We trust, however, that such is not his intent. At any rate, we have been pleased and interested by his presentations; and we hope that our re-presentations have awakened similar sentiments in the minds of our readers.

*J. B. McKenna, '24*

## THE LUCKY BUG

**D**OUBTLESS you have watched them on a summer day. They fold up their hind legs umbrella-like and then with a mighty kick they skitter across the glassy surface of some fresh water pool or pond. Fold up—kick off—fold up—kick off, for all the world likes sea-going grasshoppers. And thus it is they skedaddle their way through life. Country boys and fishermen call them lucky bugs. Entomologists call them something else. We mention them only in conjunction with Joey Clegg and *The Lucky Bug*.

Joey Clegg's father was English and little and a dead game sport. Boxing, dog-fighting, cock-fighting, whippet races, he loved, but horse racing he idolized. Joey's mother was a head or so taller than Joey's dad, but overcoming good food and the New England climate, Joey took after the paternal side of the family, and grew up to be little. At the age of fourteen he was five feet nothing, bandy-legged, freckle-faced and weighed just eighty-six pounds after a heavy rain. It was during this period in his life that Joey ceased to cut a very wide swath, scholastically speaking, and furthermore he made it very plain that he was through cutting any kind of scholastic swaths whatsoever. Such a state of affairs called for a conference, and so it was that the family went into solemn conclave. The result was the settling of Joey's destiny. They would make a jockey of him. Dad's suggestion finally won out and it was decided that he should be sent to Billy Rowe, trainer of the Belwin string of horses, and a friend of Joey's dad. With handkerchiefs conspicuous, Ma and Pa Clegg bade Joey a tearful good-bye.

It was during his first year around the stables that two important personages entered Joey's life; one was Snow Ball and the other was The Lucky Bug. Snow Ball came from nowhere in a raggedy pair of overalls and, having informed the stable boss that he could "rub 'em or exahcise 'em," he found himself hired. Snow Ball, contrary to name, was not what you call white. He was blacker than seven rainy midnights, played the mandolin and was unholily superstitious. Sixteen years of varied existence had not spoiled his good nature and, from the moment they met, he and Joey became pals.

The Lucky Bug was a horse: more than that he was a Kentucky Thoroughbred, the result of bluegrass and limestone. He was by The Colonel out of Starlight, which is saying sufficient. But Fate, instead of smiling, had smirked at the foal, and for all his ancestry Billy Rowe had a keen sense of humor and so it was that, upon seeing and breeding he was born with a queer pair of hind legs. Trainer

the awkward colt—more awkward even than most colts of his age—he had dubbed him The Lucky Bug. And the name stuck. It was appropriate, too, for during the two-year old workouts, the colt ran like a lucky bug skitters. To experts in racing form his means of propulsion were entirely too obvious. He folded up—kicked off, folded up—kicked off. Everybody who saw him in his workouts laughed. All except Snow Ball and Joey. Probably they were held by a bond of mutual sympathy, The Lucky Bug and the two boys, for when people laughed at the Bug's legs maybe Joey thought of his own badly warped underpinning—and resented the reminder, while Snow Ball just knew the Bug was a good horse and felt sorry for him.

The little colored stable-boy often tried to impress Billy Rowe with The Lucky Bug's worth.

"He's a gran' hoss, Mist' Rowe, he shuah is. He's gwine be a good runner. He's got the heart, an' Lawdy, boss, how he loves to run."

"Go on, Snow Ball, he'll never be anything but a hack horse. Look at his rear braces. He isn't built right—he runs clockwise," Rowe would smilingly answer.

Thus was Snow Ball silenced. It was after such interviews as this that he would seek solace from his "mando-leen." Night after night he and Joey, sitting in the doorway of the stables, with the moonlight making it almost as bright as day, would sing "Go To Sleep Mah Honey" until, as it often happened, they themselves fell asleep. Or they would sit discussing the merits of the different horses and their own hopes and ambitions.

"Snow Ball, some day I'm gong to win the Derby and the Suburban, and then I'm going home with a check suit and a plaid vest and a diamond horse-shoe pin just like Canada Kelley wears. And I bet they give a dinner for me."

"Joey boy, some day Ahm gonna win a hun'ded dollahs and spen' it on f'ied chickin and po'k chops an' gravy an' some new clothes. Den Ahm gonna click de dices wif dese hyar no'count black boys till 'ey is flat busted."

So you see Joey and Snow Ball were still very young boys—boys with a truly boyish love for the spectacular. Hide, wide and free would they let their fancies wander until sleep and the fatigue of youth took their due.

The Belwin string of horses traveled the Northern circuit,

winding up at the big two-year old meet at Saratoga. It was here that The Lucky Bug made his debut, placing third in a fairly fast field, thereby earning the right to be carried into his third year. A winter at the Canterbury Bells breeding establishment passed. Early spring came and the string set out for the opening meets at Latonia, Pimlico and Havre de Grace. The Lucky Bug was taken along. Billy Rowe's stop-watch had shown that the Bug was worth a trial in some of the midseason events up North. If he turned out to be a good, steady-going colt, able to pick up weight and go the distance, he would be a valuable asset to the Belwin Stables. For be it known that a good stake horse, capable of finishing within the money, pays the feed bills, while his flashier stablemates oftentimes score one or two brilliant wins and then wilt like the flowers that bloom in May. If the season was to be a trial for The Lucky Bug, it was also to be a trial for the little, bandy-legged exercise boy. Joey had not yet ridden his first race. He was fairly aching for a chance to show the ability he felt he possessed. But it began to look as if he would not get that chance.

Then came the July meet at Aqueduct—and salvation. A solid month of racing with good purses brought the pick of the runners and big crowds to see them race. One of the biggest events of the meet would be the famous Sheffield Hotel Stakes, a mile classic for three-year olds worth sixty-five hundred dollars to the winner. It was a fixture, being run off on the Fourth of July each year, and usually drew the best of the three-year olds. This year proved no exception. The Belwin Stables had entered Harebell, their best bet—and The Lucky Bug. The biggest of all surprises came, though, when Billy Rowe told Joey that he was to ride The Bug. But Joey knew instinctively what that meant. He was going in there on The Lucky Bug to carry the field, set a heart-breaking pace so that Harebell, after lying back, could come from behind with a rush and win. Who could blame Joey for being downhearted? His first race, with the advantage of apprentice weight allowance, and he had to sacrifice his own horse for the Harebell. Such is the fate of running mates.

Back home on the afternoon of the third of July, Ma Clegg received a letter. It was from Billy Rowe. Among other things it said "I'm giving Joey a leg up on The Lucky Bug tomorrow in the Sheffield." It further stated that "the boy is getting along fine and looks as if he has a nice pair of hands for a rider." When Joey's dad came home that evening, the first thing he was shown was the letter from Billy Rowe. He read it—and then things began to happen.



"I'm going to see Joey ride his first race, Ma. Get my bag packed." He made sure his field glasses were in the bag and then he considered it packed. Kissing Ma a very hurried good-bye, he left for the Union Station, arriving there just in time to buy his ticket, a *Telegraph* (the racing paper) and hop aboard the Federal. Five hours later he was in New York. Early the next morning he went out to the Long Island track, getting there in time to see Joey giving The Lucky Bug a breather, and watch the railbirds clocking the horses in their workouts. He stayed around the stables all morning.

A little after noontime the crowd began to arrive. Trains were leaving the Pennsylvania Station every twenty minutes carrying the race throngs—a good-natured, jostling crowd of horse devotees, men and women alike, each holding a dope sheet and a pencil, trying to figure out the winners. Train after train disgorged its burden until a crowd of forty-five thousand souls had crammed their way into grandstand, paddock and infield. Touts—selling straight-from-the-manger tips—and bookmakers circulated through the packed mass of humanity. The multi-hued hats of the women bobbed back and forth like a shifting kaleidoscope. Men with field glasses flung around their necks—bankers, boxers, men from every station in life—were showing by their presence their devotion to the sport of kings. The glare of the sun was terrific and the heat waves shimmered and danced over the level turf of the infield. The jockeys, who were to ride, were dressed in their brilliant silks and peaked caps and were nonchalantly playing catch on the porch roof of the rider's quarters, while the crowd milling around in the paddock beseeched them for tips on the day's races. Then the bugle sounded, calling the horses to the post for a two-year old event. It was followed by the Huntsley Steeplechase. Just before the third race, an all-age run for a mile and a quarter, big, black, threatening thunderheads began to come up from the south. Just before the horses went to the barrier, the storm broke with a vengeance. Lightning zigzagged its way over a blackened sky; thunder boomed and reverberated all over the heavens and the rain came in a torrent. It was a veritable cloudburst, and in fifteen minutes the dusty surface of the track took on the consistency of wet bran. The holiday crowd had some of its ardor dampened, but the rain ceased almost as abruptly as it began, and with its cessation came a return of the usual race course enthusiasm. The all-age race was run off without any great display of excitement on the part of the crowd, and it became increasingly evident that the spectators were waiting for the Sheffield. Then came



a commotion in the paddock and a loud buzzing arose from the grandstand. They were saddling for the Sheffield!

Billy Rowe was saddling Harebell while The Lucky Bug, already saddled, was being held by Snow Ball. Joey was talking to his dad. Suddenly Snow Ball walked over to Joey and, putting his hand in his pocket, brought out a rabbit's foot.

"Joey, dis hyar is de lef' hind laig of a rabbit whut was killed on a moonlight night in de shadow ob a graveyard. Yo' take hit, Joey, an' remembah, Ah has eight bits on yo' to win. Yo' cain't lose wif 'at ole rabbit laig."

"But Snow Ball, I'm not riding a race, I'm just a windshield for McCrann on Harebell. I can't win because I'm going to kill The Bug in the first half. I'll take it though."

He stuffed the rabbit's foot in his blouse. The bugle sounded, calling them to the post. Billy Rowe came over, slapped The Lucky Bug on the flank, told Joey to "show me, kid." The horses paraded out—and Joey, carrying the blue, buff and primrose of the Belwin Stables, seemed as calm as a veteran, perched on the little pigskin saddle no bigger than a dinner plate. His dad walked up into the grandstand as the eight nervous, highstrung thoroughbreds, dancing and mincing in sheer mettle, went around to the starting point. Jay Carey was the starter.

"Easy, boys—easy, easy! Spread out there on the right—out I said! Levine, Levine, come up on Oran or I'll give you thirty days on the ground! Steady, boys—steady now!"

Whirr-rr-rr went the webbing and forty-five thousand throats echoed the old cry: "They're off!" A perfect start. They broke on their toes to straighten out in the first quarter. Joey took The Bug the long way around, went to the outside of the field and then started to set the pace—a killing pace. At the three-eighths mark he had the rail and was leading the bunch by two lengths. At the half-mile post he looked over his shoulder in order to judge the going. The Lucky Bug was picking up the mud in that awkward stride of his and flinging it back at the oncoming horses. The crowd in the stands was laughing—laughing at the skittery stride of The Lucky Bug and the murderous pace his rider was setting. He would quickly tire and fall back into the ruck, the veteran race-goers thought. The track was heavy and no horse could stand that speed on such a track and sustain it. At the far turn, the galloping horses looked like dogs with monkey riders; the jockeys, way up on their mounts' withers, were

catching mud; gone was the brilliancy of their silks, and instead was the hoof-thrown mud and the foam from the horses' mouths. Suddenly the field began to string out. Joey was waiting for McCrann on Harebell—and Oran, the Bretton entry, challenged! On he came in a burst of speed; up, up on The Lucky Bug until he was even with the saddle girths. Joey was waiting for the anticipated rush of Harebell—but it never came. The going was too heavy. And then out of the bunch, trying for the rail, came Aragon—and jockey Hale was pushing him. Into the stretch they thundered, The Lucky Bug, Aragon and Oran in the order named. And little Joey was sitting pretty—riding his first race like a Sloan. Joey knew what he had to do—he had to win with a tiring horse! Hair, hide and saddle leather, bull bent for election they raced. In the stands a little Englishman was having difficulty in seeing through a pair of fieldglasses, for somehow there were tears in his eyes and he had to keep blinking. Out at the stretch turn, on the white-painted rail was a little colored stable boy, and as the galloping horses swept by, he was screaming at the top of his lungs "Come awn you Bug! Bite his ear, Joey boy, bite his ear—an' bring home de bacon!" The crowd was in a frenzy!

A driving finish! Hale on Aragon pulled his whip and poured the leather into his mount—and little Joey made it a handride. "Come on, you Bug! Come on, you Aragon!" The shouts of men—and above their din could be heard the high, shrill screams of the women. Down, down to the finish—and The Lucky Bug with his crazy stride flashed under the wire a scant half-length ahead of Aragon. Past the grandstand went the horses with their riders trying to ease them up. They were finally able to pull them up and walk them to the judges' stand, and when little Joey had entered that charmed space, the winner's circle, his boyish arms lost their steely strength and he toppled out of the saddle into Billy Rowe's arms. But he weighed in—a winner in his first race. The Sheffield was again history.

Receiving congratulations on saddling a winner, Billy Rowe laughingly remarked, "Well, I guess I named that colt right. Like all the other lucky bugs he likes the wet going. Did you see how he skittered through that mud today?"

Joey's dad just kept repeating, "'E's a good boy, is my Joey."

While the Snow Ball person said to Joey "Joey boy, wheah all is 'at rabbit's laig?"

## CAPE COD—THEN AND NOW

**W**E LITTLE realize, when we gaze upon the arm of Massachusetts extending into the Atlantic, the significance of this small area of land in the history of our country. This arm, which nature has so awkwardly formed, is known as Cape Cod. Early navigators termed this extending arm the "hook," because of the treacherous sands surrounding its coast and the danger of shipwrecks. Many ships have been grounded off its shores, and many a captain and crew perished in the unceasing waves which beat against them. This barren arm, a few hundred years ago, appeared in quite a different aspect to the voyagers of that well-known ship, the "Mayflower." To the passengers in the cabin, it was a haven, and more, it was the first land to be sighted since their departure from Holland weeks before. What a joy it must have been to them to see land once more after a venturesome voyage over the mysterious Atlantic! What a rest from the roar of the gigantic billows!

Of all the great events in our history, there can be no other that holds a more sentimental claim upon the minds and patriotism of a people, than the anchoring of the "Mayflower" off the coast of what is now Provincetown on the eleventh day of November, one thousand sixteen hundred and twenty. It might be justly said that this day marked the founding of a nation. Here, upon the sandy shores of Cape Cod, after a tiresome voyage, the courageous crew first stepped foot in the New World. Here, the Pilgrims made their first temporary home and had their first encounter with the savages. Here, on this memorable day, November eleventh, which is now of greater significance as designating the termination of the World War, these valiant men drew up and signed in the cabin of the "Mayflower" the famous "Compact". After having executed this work, the men then turned their attention to exploring the land. History tells us that having remained here a few days, and upon finding the land not suitable for cultivating purposes, they moved northward and made their first permanent settlement in Plymouth.

Nor were the Pilgrims alone in exploring this land. Bartholomew Gosnold visited this land as early as sixteen hundred and two, and it is recorded that, while here, a codfish was caught and from this

fact he named the place Cape Cod. Captain John Smith of Pocohontas fame was also an early visitor and explorer. Here, on the end of the Cape, Perigrine White, the first English-born child in New England, first saw light. Here, also, Miles Standish, of Priscilla fame, marshalled his valiant army of sixteen men, perhaps the first organized band of men on these shores.

As the years continued, the Cape took its place in leading affairs. Many a family can boast of members who have sailed the seven seas. Her sons were likewise prominent in the early Colonial Wars. In industries, she did her share. In the little town of Sandwich, one of the first glass works in America was established, as early as 1825. Though these works have long since been dismantled, the products are in great demand today and well-known for the excellent skill in workmanship.

Today, however, Cape Cod presents a different appearance. Only a hundred years ago, Henry D. Thoreau wrote: "Cape Cod is a desolate waste and may never be put to any use." But time has wrought many changes. Travelers, with a desire for natural scenery, have been lured to its shores. The picturesque sand dunes, tufted with beach grass, the winding, sand-swept beaches, glittering in the noon-day sun, studded here and there with gigantic rocks which seem almost to speak defiance to the waves, and the cool, wooded groves have also been a source of attraction. Artists have found themes in placid lakes and in the ever-changing marine views. The quaintness of the old towns, such as Provincetown, Yarmouth and Brewster, has also given pleasure to many. And today from the Cape Cod Canal, which separates this hook from the mainland, thus making Cape Cod an island, to the end of Provincetown, this land is the mecca of thousands of vacationists and travelers. Men in all walks of life, and even Presidents, have found rest and contentment along its shores.

Nor should anyone conclude from this that the quaintness and characteristics of the village and hamlets have been crushed by the great impetus. The natives, regardless of the influx of city people, have remained unchanged, and Joe Lincoln's characters are a familiar sight in any Cape town.

*James C. Conlon, '25*

## THE WRONG ROAD

*"Follow the Cartracks and You Will Get There"*



THESE WERE the directions of the traffic officer. We were eight miles from Milford. Darkness had fallen. A slight mist, that seeped through the blackness, lighted here and there with the electric bulbs of autos, street cars and street lights, changed the night from the ordinary to one very peculiar in its dramatic possibilities. It was just such a night as one might go forth in with every expectation of meeting the tragic. Why does one meet with so many dejected, forlorn, hopeless-looking travellers to Nowhere on such a night?

It would have been fruitful in adventure then just to wander about the streets, alleys, and into the various places which conduct their business in the night, but such a thing was impossible. We were on our way home, and we had to follow the cartrack. Milford was not home, but it was eight miles nearer the forty still before us.

It was easy to follow the cartracks for the first few miles. We could not have done otherwise. But then, the conversation had diverted to more interesting things than just following the cartracks and so, it happened that when the car turned into a narrow course with trees on either side through what seemed woods, we continued on the macadam road.

Two miles later, we began to fear that we were on the wrong road.

A little later, however, we were reassured by a signpost, which said "To Milford." We continued, but the macadam ended, and the road became rough. It was a rocky, hilly, country road, full of ruts and dangerous curves ahead. All signs of civilization were behind us. Not a sound penetrated the blackness of the misty evening, not a light, not even stars, encouraged us on our way, not a solitary sign of life.

We rode on for miles like this; surely more than eight miles had been covered on this road alone. How endless the road seems to the solitary traveler!

We were grumbling, for the night was no longer young, and it seemed we were lost and would have to retrace our course. But then, a light appeared in the clearing to our right high up on a hill.

It was perhaps a house. We were cheered, and decided to inquire if this was the right road.

The car stopped and I ran up the hill to the little cottage, and knocked at the door.

What a lonely spot for a pretty little cottage like this, miles from everyone! It was just the thing for one who wanted solitude.

A haggard man appeared at the door to interrupt my musings.

Was that a woman crying? In a bare little kitchen at a plain wood table, a fairly beautiful woman, with hair wildly thrown over her shoulders, was sitting at the table trying to check her tears. What a pitiful sight it was!

"I beg your pardon, sir," I said, "but is this the correct road to Milford?" He hesitated for a moment, and looked down the road.

"This is one way of getting there," he said. "You probably left the regular road some miles back, but when you come to a cross-road, two miles below here, turn to the right and this will bring you back to the cartracks, then stick to the cartracks."

"Thank you, very much," I said, and looked once more into his dejected kitchen and the tragic woman whose look of bitter misery made the gloomy night look cheerful in comparison.

"It's a bad night," I remarked, starting down the hill.

"Yes, but stick to the cartracks and you'll get there," he said.

Thinking of the poor woman inside, I almost remarked "Why don't you?", but instead hurried on and later thought of the faraway look in the man's eyes, and knew that behind it lay one of the tragedies of life. I wondered if he had been thinking of life in general, as well as the road that lay before us in saying "Stick to the cartarks."

*A. Coogan, '27*

## HER LORD AND MASTER

**J**AMIESON was one of those simple souls who turn out daily at eight-thirty in the morning, report at the office at nine o'clock, grind steadily till five in the afternoon with an hour for luncheon in between, and then return to their domestic harbours. He liked his work, he had a fine home—but the fly in the ointment was Jamieson's wife.

Jamieson's wife was a corpulent, kindly woman, who ruled Jamieson with the proverbial iron hand. He admitted to himself that once safely at home he donned the stripes and lugged around the ball and chain. It was, "Joseph, do this!" "Joseph, do that!" "No, you can't have coffee!" Jamieson craved for coffee—but he always got tea at home. "The worm will turn," ran thru Jamieson's mind one fine morning, and he forthwith demanded coffee, demanded it in a "loud, vulgar voice." When Mrs. Jamieson recovered from the shock, she replied something to the effect that, "Yes, he would get coffee—where the chicken got the axe! He'd get coffee—when soft derbies came into style! Why, the miserable little insect, the little—" but Jamieson had fled.

At five o'clock a corpulent, ruddy-faced woman emerged from Stern Brothers Department Store with much haste. About the same time the meek Jamieson left his office. Pushing thru the crowds, they approached the same corner from opposite directions; it was inevitable that there should be a collision, unless one or the other gave way. The corpulent woman was in too much of a hurry to do any side-stepping, and Jamieson was about fed up on determined, square-jawed, corpulent women, and had no intention of giving her the right of way.

He stood his ground and in the next moment was literally buried under seemingly tons of dead weight! He groaned miserably, and tried to squirm out of his predicament. The corpulent one cursed volubly, in a very unlady-like manner, and tried vainly to rise. Pedestrians, who rushed to help, stayed to laugh. As the large lady was lifted to her feet, a police officer rescued the crushed Jamieson, shook his hand, clapped him on the back and exclaimed, "Great, you get the reward! That was Dorothy the Dip! I had caught her in the act in Stern Brothers store!"

\* \* \*

At five-thirty the next evening, Jamieson entered his home, his

head held high. His wife looked up from the evening paper, and regarded him with adoring eyes. "Oh," she exclaimed, "you wonderful man, you caught that catty creature, Dorothy the Dip! You!—my husband! How courageous, how brave, how—"

"Sit down!" roared Jamieson, "sit down!" Then: "I want some coffee!"

He got it!

*Earle F. Ford, '25*

### Rex Regum

**I**N NO golden home, on no golden throne,  
Dwells a mighty King, full oft alone.  
Neath a humble roof, in a narrow cell  
Dwells this mighty King, in His citadel.

But his Galahads come, led on by a light  
Whose crimson rays gleam in the night,  
And they kneel to say to a heart that is sore:  
"To Thee do we come, our Liege, to adore."

And the King, Who is fair, in His garments of white,  
Speaks words in reply which pierce in their flight:  
"I bless ye, my Knights—I was lonely today,  
But my heart is made glad, for ye came here to pray!"

*Albert B. Davidson, '26*



## THE OBSERVER



VERY FEW people are paying attention to the fact that lawlessness is a fast-growing evil in this country. From the guilt of the mere child, who is convicted of breaking and entering, to that of the Invisible Empire, which is accused of every known human misdemeanor, there exists an endless variety of crime and criminals. Analysts and psychologists, after careful study and investigation, declare that it is the aftermath of war—the result of the age of lawlessness; but the cause does not concern us at present. Convictions and sufficient punishments for all evil-doers would bring significant results. But the number of crimes and the number of convictions are entirely disproportionate. There is inefficiency somewhere—legal loopholes—which, if not checked, will lead to veritable chaos. After all, if the punishment is not in proportion to the crime in a specific case, there is a reason for disregard of that law. The courts should begin a nation-wide and co-operative struggle to maintain their integrity—and in so doing stamp out the insidious menace of deliberate disregard for law.

\* \* \*

Advertisement is accomplished in many ways and we are acquainted with most of them. But one mode of advertising is not apparent as such; it is clothed in the garb of more spiritually-actuated activity. We have reference to Purity Societies, Reform Leagues, etc. It is foolish, even ridiculous, to imagine that the constituents of these "Reform" Leagues are better morally than the rest of mankind. The contrary is at least possible. Although these exceedingly good angels of reform are constantly calling attention to the moths in their brothers' eyes, the beams in their own are never mentioned. Most of these "workers" are so wrapped up in their own sense of importance that they fail to realize such a beam exists. Reform Leagues are direct descendants of the ancient Pharisees; down thru the ages that line extends, including that pastime of Luther known as the Reformation (to distinguish it from his less successful business adventures) and embracing also the Puritanic schemes of living. But, to repeat, it is all a huge, though carefully concealed, advertisement. These modern Pharisees, during their endless streams of imvective against some institution, never speak from the heart; rather from an empty purse. Nor

do they try to convince the intellect; the overstuffed pockets of wealthy morons comprise their objective. But like all propositions of the "fly-by-night" variety, the Reform systems cannot endure the spot-light of investigation. They are founded on corruption and maintained thru deceit.

\* \* \*

There are many of that genus whom it pleases, out of mere self-sufficiency, to deny the existence of God. Some take delight in shouting from the house-tops their cynical disregard of the proofs of the divinity of Christ. And it is these creatures who distrust their neighbors, who are inefficient in their public and private duties, who, when banded together, constitute a menace to the State. This is explained when we understand that anyone who will throttle the clamor of conscience within his breast and whose code of morality is based on his own flimsy deductions, will not abide by the laws and regulations which bind society into a composite unit. Pride is the source of infidelity. Infidels have never been aught but shallow thinkers, for only intellectual minuteness remains unhumbled when it considers the universe, its origin and its end. Usually when a man possesses an infirmity, he tries to hide it, for it is a natural desire of a man to appear at his best before his fellows. So it appears quite strange that, when a man is the unfortunate possessor of a mental malady, he will blatantly broadcast his infirmity to all the world. But disbelief in a Supreme Being is fostered by the fact that to deny God is quite the fashion, and that a disbeliever will be given every opportunity of flourishing his notorious and imbecilic ideas in the press. So when the news is wafted to us of one who denies God, let us not be awed by him, who would set himself up as subject to no being. Let us rather pity him as one whose mind is so warped that he cannot comprehend as did a Newman, a Washington and a Newton.

*T. Henry Barry, '25*

## THE HOTCHPOTCH

### FUNK

*(Pure, and without the Wagnall. A dictionary of words as they are understood, not as they should be understood.)*

APE: The being to whom you owe rationality.

ART: Greenwich village.

(To be continued)

Old Proverb: You can drive a horse to water but you cannot make him drink.

Older Proverb: You can send your boy to college but you cannot make him think.

*We ask to know:* Why do pretty maidens, when they are angry, always leave in high dudgeon? And what is a high dudgeon anyway?

### BOSTONESE HOSPITALITY

(Without apologies to K. C. B.)

I know a Junior at

P. C. who worked

At a popular resort

Last summer and when

One of the guests

Left his hotel this

Guest made this

Student promise that

If the latter ever came

To Boston he would

Surely look up the

Former and the promise

Was sealed with a

Handshake and at the

B. C.-P. C. game at

Boston the Junior, whom I

Know, met the most

Hospitable Bostonian and

After a most cordial

Recognition this great-

Hearted Bostonian asked the  
Happy Junior if he was going  
To stay overnight and  
The Junior said "yes" and  
Breathlessly awaited an  
Invitation to partake  
Of his kind friend's shelter  
And his kind friend smiled  
Heartily and said "That's  
Good, call me up in the  
Morning and let me know  
How you made out," and the  
Junior said  
"Ye gods"!

*Why Are Bystanders Always Innocent?*

We have found a method for making this department funnier (or funny). We intend to print the photograph of a member of the staff each month, starting with the handsome editor and reaching a most comical climax when your proud servant's facial topography is depicted.

WHY NOT?

It is rumored that U. E. R. is going to issue transfers to passengers on the in-bound Francis Street lines during the rush hours, in order that they may reach the city when the car stops at the tunnel.

A BLANK VERSE

Gone!  
How long it seems  
And yet, how short!  
To think 'twas but a yesterday  
We parted.  
Had I but thought,  
'Twould never have been so.

Parted!  
Forevermore, I know.  
Oh, life is hard,  
And yet 'tis sweet  
To think again of you.  
Why did you go?  
But now I must forget.

Goodbye!

I pray 'tis but an aurevoir,

My friend, my heart is sore,

Without you life is

Empty, hollow.

But BOSH! More dollar bills will follow,

Goodbye! My hard-earned dollar.

#### FROM THE SIDELINES

As far as Providence was concerned, "The Purple Highway" on Fitton Field was a one-way street. It had nine diagonal lines, but they were by no means safety-zones.

There must have been No Parking signs because the Providence machine stopped on Worcester's twenty-yard line for four downs and lost—not their license, but—the ball.

The only Scotch that P. C. brought to the game was in Joe Tarby's hound.

Despite suggestions from the Holy Cross stands, the white part of P. C.'s color scheme will not be changed to blue.

The third period must have been free for the boys at the Cross for they showed no class.

The officials must wait on table in the summer-time. They handed out a few decisions on a platter.

#### WHERE THERE'S NO SENSE, THERE'S NO FEELING

Regarding the collegiate custom of going hatless. Two coal-jackers on a truck saw a rah-rah youth ambling down the street. Said one: "I wonder how it is they don't catch cold?" And the other uncouth person, who incidentally works for a living, said: "I guess they have to study so hard that their heads get hard."

#### JUS A FRESHIE

Ima jus a leeta freshie

Upa en dis school.

I donta no anyting

Soph—he say me fool.

I wear a leeta blacka kap

Da white spot on da top;

An when da wind she start to blow

Away my kap she hop.

When I ride upon da kar  
I musta take no seat.  
Because if I should do  
I gona get in "Greek."

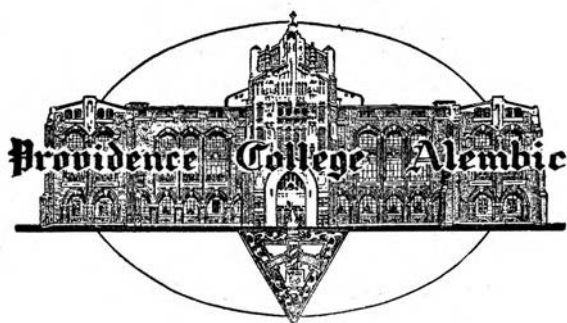
Everytime dey hava work  
For sombody to do,  
Dey pick out poor Freshie  
And say "Kom here, you!"

Dey mak me mucha sweat  
And dirt all my hands  
Jus carryin da water  
And pusha up da "stands".

And when da foot-ball team  
She start in da play  
I jus breaka both my lung  
When I holler "Hooray!"

But Ima much proud  
Of dis school call P. C.  
An anyting she want  
She can have ofa me.

For she's da best Kollege  
In all da U. S. A.  
An I'm proud I'm jus a freshie  
I don't care what dey say.



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John E. Cassidy, *Assistant*

James J. Corrigan, *Circulation*

Robert E. Curran, *Assistant*

Walter F. Reilley, *Business Secretary*

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### WHY THANKSGIVING?

Thanksgiving is one of the traditional American institutions which is distinctively American. If departure from tradition means progress and Thanksgiving may be taken as a criterion, America certainly has progressed. For if a vague knowledge of pre-Revolutionary history stands in good stead, the first Thanksgiving was strictly a religious affair. What a difference there is today! You sleep a little later than usual, because you remember it is a holiday. Then—shades of Jim Thorpe! that

football game is at 10:30. You've got to make it. The whitest (or darkest) meat is tasteless on Thanksgiving if you haven't had a good football game as an appetizer. If you're lucky you get to the field in time to see the ball kicked off and caught and the runner tackled—or not tackled. If you are one of those who do not believe in professional football, you make the most of what you realize is your last game for another year. If you are a thorough-going fan, you take it in as you would your favorite entree. Then comes the second course.

You have been used pretty well by the Lord all year. But this is Thanksgiving Day. And you're going to perform the three other acts which, together with thanksgiving, give glory to the Lord—adoration, petition and contrition. The turkey's great, isn't it? That's adoration. You want some more (light or dark?) don't you? That's petition. . . Gee! you wish you hadn't eaten so much, eh? That's contrition.

If you're a hardy youth, your contrition is comparatively short. But if you're a wise youth, you'll take a short nap, anyhow. For a good digestion is a pearl beyond price and more desirable than the companionship of the fairest of friends. Whatever you do, when it's time to eat again you're a little finicky in your choice. So if you follow the custom you'll sup mostly on cider or—something better. Canada isn't so far away, after all.

By this time you should be feeling pretty well—recovered. So you decide on a theatre, a dance, or—well, somebody else will probably decide for you, anyway. You pass the night in gaiety and mirth.

On your way home you should see the shade of some horror-stricken Puritan with a musket on his shoulder, a copy of the Blue Laws in his hand, and a strained look in his eyes as he searches in vain for the stocks, the pillory, or the whipping-post. If you get close to him you will surely hear him say:

“Ichabod! Ichabod! the glory has departed from thy house.”

Still harping on tradition, the editor hopes  
**COLLEGE** that Providence College will take a lesson from the  
**CUSTOMS** Church in the maintenance of those customs established during the “pioneer” years. It is one of the many boasts of Christianity that things change to conform to its traditions, and not *vice versa*, as its nullifiers claim. There seems to be a tendency in every entering class to establish some new custom or run contrary to some older one. The more successfully this tendency is discountenanced, the sooner will our college become a “molder of



men" in every sense of the phrase. This year, especially, the leaders in the various organizations should see to it that their followers conform, as nearly as possible, to our own established customs as well as to those of our sister colleges, from whom, as did the Church from the pagans, we have borrowed many things. The first originality of man was original sin.

### THE TWO SERPENTS

As one approaches Bishop Harkins Hall from the River Avenue side late on a sunny afternoon, the cross by which it is surmounted, is a monstrosity of scintillating rays. To one to whom this phenomenon was his first glimpse of the Hall an intuitive assurance of the glorious future of Providence College is linked with his intellectual assurance of the eternal glory of the Cross. Even when he sees the infant Hercules of American colleges encompassed by the two serpents of antagonism and injustice, he has a Jovian belief in the outcome.

Because the editor has that belief and because those interested in the development of the college may have had evidence of that antagonism and injustice recently, he offers this personal experience for what it may be worth.

### THE HOTCHPOTCH

At the instance of some members of the staff and of the student body a new department has been introduced in the ALEMBIC under the above name. The object of this introduction is to make the magazine more truly representative of the college life by giving space to its humorous side. In making this departure from the ordinary run of college magazines, we are aware that some of our well-wishers may consider it "bad form." But our interests are indissolubly linked with the interests of the student body and there appears to be a considerable element in that body who will be interested in *The Hotchpotch* and therefore should support it.

## COLLEGE CHRONICLE

### *Class of '24*

Committees elected by the Senior Class are:

Memorial Committee: Messrs. Robert P. Beagan, Joseph E. Flynn, Walter F. Heffernan, Timothy J. Mee, John H. Shunney.

Year Book Committee: Messrs. Francis L. Dwyer, James F. Keleher, Francis J. McCabe, Walter F. Murtaugh, Joseph C. O'Reilly.

### *Class of '25*

The Junior Class has elected the following men as officers for the ensuing year: President, John F. Hurley; Vice-President, John J. Sullivan; Treasurer, William O'Connor; Secretary, Francis R. Foley.

### *Class of '26*

The officers of the Sophomore Class are: President, William Griffin; Vice President, Charles Reynolds; Treasurer, Francis Lowrey; Secretary, John Halloran.

### *Class of '27*

The Freshmen Class officers are: President, William O'Neil; Vice President, William McCabe; Treasurer, John Hayes; Secretary, Leo Mooney.

### *Social Activities*

The Hallowe'en Party, given by the upper classmen, brought forth to the sunlight of civilization Talent. Sophomore and Freshman for the while made merry. Even Ed Sullivan smiled a wicked smile.

The Sophomore Dance will be held in the near future. Plans are being arranged and committees appointed to make this event the best of the year.

### *P. C. K. C.*

At the meeting of the Providence College Knights of Columbus Club, held on Tuesday, October 16, the following were elected as officers for the year: President, Robert Asten Walsh; Vice President,

Thomas Donnelly; Treasurer, John O'Neil; Secretary, Leo Manning.

An entertainment committee, to promote the social activities of the year, was selected: Louis Forestall, John O'Neil, Robert Malloy, ex officio President Robert Asten Walsh.

Plans are now being arranged for a dance to be held in the near future.

The Board of Auditors is: John O'Neil, Walter Taft, John E. Cassidy.

An excellent degree team is promised, with Bill Connor as Captain.

A membership drive will shortly be started. Hearty co-operation from the student body is expected in this movement.

#### *Condolence*

The Freshmen Class extends its sincerest sympathies to John Monroe on the loss of his mother.

*Edward V. Holohan, '26*

### **Seasonal**

Spring is a maiden desired of the world

And Summer is the motherhood thereof.

Autumn's a matron whose countenance shows

The high serenity of perfect love.

*James F. Keleher, '24*

## ALUMNI



THE NEXT meeting of the Providence College Alumni Association will convene on Thanksgiving morning at 10:30 A. M. At this meeting the chairman of the various committees will report on the progress they have made. It is expected that the constitution, as prepared by the committee, comprising Messrs. Roberts, Sullivan and Edmund Kelly, will be presented to the association for consideration.

### NOTES

A list of the members of the class of '23 and their present occupations has been compiled, but is as yet incomplete. Those who have not yet communicated with us will probably be heard from before the next issue is published.

Charlie Ashworth is at Tufts Medical School.

"Steve" Brodie, Ed Kelly, Amos LaChapelle and Joe O'Gara are at the Boston University Law School.

"Jigger" Higgins, Lucien Olivier, Ray Roberts and Tom Sullivan are at Harvard Law.

Jimmie Furlong is at Georgetown Law School.

Spencer Kelly is assistant chemist of the Mt. Hope Finishing Company, at North Dighton, Mass.

John McIsaac is at the Boston University Medical School.

George McGonagle is at M. I. T.

"Hank" Ryan is at Columbia Law.

Addis O'Reilley is at Yale Law School.

*Joseph V. Mitchell, '24*

## EXCHANGE



THE SHORT STORY has become a very popular means of entertainment, as the editors and owners of the many magazines devoted to fiction will testify. Hundreds of writers are busily engaged in supplying the demand of the reading public for them. It seems the only qualification, necessary for a short story to be successful, is enough energy and force to sustain the reader's interest for a period ranging from twelve to forty minutes. The writers of short stories seem to have taken this fact into consideration, for of late their product appears more than ever to be the result of dictation machines and typewriters and stenographers and a modicum of thought. Recall, for the sake of illustration, a few of the characters and their settings in some of the short stories you have read recently.

First, there is the hero. A dual personality. He is either a big, bronzed, handsome, outdoor man, shy with the opposite sex, or he is a tall, graceful, greek-god of a man, born and bred in the city, and a lion among the ladies. In either case he has wonderful eyes; steely gray, cold as ice, or tender, blue eyes. It really is amazing what a gigantic influence the eyes of the hero have on the outcome of the story. As for the other physical attributes of the leading male character, the chin is always, always prominent, the brow high, and the nose aquiline. For a hero to have a receding chin, or a low brow, or a flat nose, would be the writer's idea of sacrilege. Another quality present in all first class fictional heroes is their ability to speak in a "well modulated voice," and when they sing they always sing in a "pleasing baritone voice." To sing lyric tenor or basso profundo would represent a hero's unpardonable sin.

The heroine, of course, is *the* character. Starting with the heroine's "crowning glory" we find that her tresses are either raven, flaxen, or spun gold, and when the sunlight casts its rays upon the heroine's hair, all the "lights and shades" become noticeable. Her forehead is very white and serene. Her eyebrows are beautifully arched and her eyelashes are always long and drooping. Her eyes, like the hero's, play an important part in the story. They may be limpid pools of azure, sapphire, or aquamarine; big, innocent, brown, or laugh-

ing, twinkling eyes, and then again they may be fathomless depths. Our heroine may be dainty, demure, divine, Junoesque or an athletic Diana. She rides, swims, plays tennis, golf, bridge and mah jongg; an accomplished pianiste, she sings beautifully. Her chief occupation seems to be refusing proposals of matrimony. She usually finds that the man, to whom she at last becomes engaged, is unsuited to her temperament, and finally she finds her true love in the most unexpected places; a chauffeur, gardener, or truck driver generally represent unexpected places in a fiction writer's mind. The story ends happily after the reader has been carried to a wind-swept hill, a moonlight night or two, a ball, and a room with over-stuffed furniture. And in passing, why, oh, why does not the writer take some of the stuffing out of the over-stuffed furniture, and thereby ease the reader's breathing?

The short story found in the college magazine presents another type altogether. Wild adventure as it thrives in detective yarns; the thrilling exploits of the big game hunter in the far North, the heroic and winning efforts of the athlete as he tosses victory into the lap of his Alma Mater, these usually comprise the theme of the fiction found in a college publication. But why should it, on the whole, be otherwise? The preparation of a short story for a student body paper is a hurried process at best and, in consequence, the construction and finish of the narrative must suffer. Then again the lack of maturity in the writer makes it almost impossible to expect anything better than mediocre from his pen. It takes more than a ready imagination to evolve true-to-life characters. We can excuse the collegiate writer of short stories after taking a few such facts into consideration, but, no matter how we try, we cannot pardon the absurd and stereotyped efforts of the professional story teller. We will admit that error is a human prerogative, but we also are convinced that the human beings referred to are mature enough to know—and do better.

The above arraignment of the short story may seem exaggerated, but I assure you that it is not. If your opinion differs from the writer's, just sit down some evening and, taking two or three current fiction magazines, check up on the characters and settings in the short stories. The result will be amazing—and amusing.

#### *The Beacon:*

A surprisingly complete weekly newspaper. The athletic and fraternity news is abundant and interesting, while the editorial, entitled "*Where Is the Pep?*" is well written and might fitly be applied to student bodies in institutions other than Rhode Island State. We have

but one suggestion to make: insofar as your publication is of the four-column type, in partial emulation of the daily news sheet, you should strive for more notes from the individual classes and fill in with some material of a light vein.

*The Borromean:*

"The Burning of the Old Place" must surely have represented a great amount of thought and care in the selection of data for, as the writer stated, it was no small task to record accurately an event of this nature. The article throughout its sequence shows force in composition and merits praise for its detail and clarity of presentation.

*The Brown Jug:*

Dedicated to that great institution, The American Sense of Humor, *The Jug* fulfills its mission in life fairly well. Like every magazine, solely humorous in intent, some of its stuff is funny—and some of it is not so funny. And then again it may be the state of the reader's digestion—or indigestion which passes judgement on the humor or lack of it in drivel, joke or verse. But if parts of *The Jug* are not so funny, its art department more than makes up for it. To begin with, the picture on the front cover might well be termed an outstanding bit of work. Then there is a setting which the cinema subtitles would call a "ball-room scene," which is very cleverly done, as are also the many examples of pen and ink artistry scattered about the pages in orderly disorder. Speaking summarily *The Brown Jug* is full, but its contents would be more palatable if they (or it) had a little more of a humorous kick.

James H. Lynch, '25





## PROVIDENCE COLLEGE vs. HOLY CROSS

Columbus Day.....Worcester

**B**EFORE a large holiday crowd, Holy Cross defeated Providence College, 32 to 0. The Glennon-Riopel combination proved too fast for our boys.

The game began with McClung kicking off to Glennon, who was downed in his tracks. The rival field generals resorted to punting throughout the first quarter. During this period, the fans were treated to a fast and fierce exhibition, with neither side having a decided advantage.

At the beginning of the second quarter, the Black and White team met with a severe setback, when Capt. Connor was disqualified for what the official termed "slugging." The fans voiced their indignation at the unjust penalty. It was plain to all that Dohig, the Holy Cross left end, had lunged at our right tackle before the ball was snapped, and that Capt. Connor, using his hands legitimately, had cuffed him aside. "Big Bill" had been playing the greatest game of his career. His disqualification and the accompanying penalty weakened the defense of his team. Connor has always shown himself to be a true gentleman and sportsman. It is very unfortunate that, through the incompetency of an official, even the slightest stain should be placed upon the character of such a clean and earnest player.

During the second quarter, Glennon made many fine end runs which placed his team in scoring position. Of the five Holy Cross



touchdowns, he made three, and advanced the ball on the other occasions so that Riopel could plunge thru for a score.

The third quarter showed Providence College playing fine football. During this time two forward passes were completed for substantial gains. The ball was constantly in Holy Cross territory, but the Providence boys lacked the necessary punch to put it over.

C. Ryan played a strong defensive game at fullback, his line-plunging being a treat also. Much is expected of this sterling back before the season closes. Gilmartin, Joe McGee and Bill Beck played their usual strong game. "Gil" bore the brunt of the attack. He was called upon time and again to slide off tackle, hit the line and kick spirals into Holy Cross territory. Joe McGee ran the team well, played well defensively, and picked up his yardage on delayed bucks, a forward pass and split formations. Beck broke up every thing that came his way, his tackling being hard and sure. On the whole P. C. can be justly proud of the showing of her athletes.

The summary:

Holy Cross	Providence
Dohig, l. e.....	r. e., T. Joyce
Carton, l. t.....	r. t., Connor (Capt.)
Coleman, l. g.....	r. g., J. Ryan
Smith, c.....	c., Beck
Ray, r. g.....	l. g., Alford
Finn, r. t.....	l. t., McClung
Mahaney, r. e.....	l. e., Tarby
McMahon, q. b.....	q. b., McGee
Glennon, l. h.....	r. h., Gilmartin
Riopel, r. h.....	l. h., Bride
Crowley, f. b.....	f. b., C. Ryan

Touchdowns—Riopel 2, Glennon 3. Goals after touchdowns—Riopel 2. Substitutions: Holy Cross—Connolly for Carton, Lonergan for Smith, Sullivan for Finn, Cosagarev for Sullivan, Finn for Cosagarev, Wise for McMahon, Wallis for Crowley, Lynch for Mahaney, Healy for Dohig. Providence—P. Joyce for Connor, F. McGee for Tarby, Murphy for J. Ryan, Smithwick for Alford, Cullen for T. Joyce, Wholey for J. McGee, Nolan for Ryan, Malloy for J. McGee, Peloquin for Bride, Sears for Peloquin, Kempf for Wholey, Clifford for F. McGee, McKenna for Clifford, Fraser for Kempf, Reall for Smithwick. Referee—White of Boston College. Umpire—Toomey of Harvard.

## PROVIDENCE COLLEGE vs. U. S. COAST GUARD

Hendricken Field.....October 20, 1923

Showing a marked reversal of form, Providence College defeated the Coast Guard eleven, 27 to 0. It was the first home game of the season, and the fine all-around play of our boys assures football-loving fans of many fine entertainments for the balance of the season.

Gilmartin scored the first touchdown for P. C. on a brilliant

run of 80 yards. Early in the second half he eluded the entire Coast Guard team, scoring the final touchdown of the game on a run of 56 yards.

The game demonstrated that in Gilmartin, Bride, Delaney and Joe McGee P. C. has a set of backs who can be relied upon to give a good account of themselves in every game.

The summary:

Providence	Coast Guard
Tarby, l. e.....	r. e., Leamy
McClung, l. t.....	r. t., Imlay
Reall, l. g.....	r. g., Fletcher
Beck, c.....	c., McAvoy
Alford, r. g.....	l. g., McNickle
Connor, r. t.....	l. t., Soltesz
Cullen, r. e.....	l. e., Byrd
J. McGee, q. b.....	q. b., Richmond
Gilmartin, l. h.....	r. h., Raney
Bride, r. h.....	l. h., Richards
Nolan, f. b.....	f. b., Baker

Touchdowns—Gilmartin 2, Bride, Delaney. Goals after touchdowns—McGee 2 (drop), Fraser (drop). Substitutions: Providence—Delaney for Nolan, Fraser for J. McGee, J. McGee for Bride, Peloquin for Gilmartin, F. McGee for Cullen, Malloy for Bride, Kempf for Fraser, Wholey for Kempf, McKenna for F. McGee, Quinn for Peloquin, Landrigan for McClung, Sears for Malloy, DeLuca for Quinn, Fraser for J. McGee, J. McGee for DeLuca, Nolan for Delaney, McKenna for Tarby, Dalton for Fraser, Bride for Gilmartin, Smithwick for Alford, Hayes for Smithwick, Kempf for Dalton, Cassidy for Beck, Reall for Hayes, Wholey for Kempf, J. Ryan for Alford, Malloy for Nolan, Creagan for Wholey, Sears for Malloy. Coast Guard—Jordan for Richards, Ransom for Saltesz, Hershfield for McNickle, Moore for Hershfield, Perkins for Byrd, Byrd for Leamy. Referee—Sisson, Brown. Umpire—Murphy, Brown. Head Linesman—Taylor, Brown. Time—Four 15-minute periods.

### CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY vs. PROVIDENCE COLLEGE

Hendricken Field.....October 27, 1923

The Catholic University eleven came to Providence fully determined that her first New England invasion in nine years would result in a victory. But our boys entertained a different idea of the final outcome, and proceeded to demonstrate it by rushing the C. U. defenders off their feet into the shadows of their goal posts, whence Gilmartin scored the only touchdown of the game. Brickley drop kicked for the extra point.

"Art" Brickley, playing his first game of the season, displayed his old-time pep and ability as a punter and field general. It was his fine punting that gave P. C. her chance to score.

"Joe" McGee, the most versatile man on the Providence team, was shifted to the end position. His fleetness of foot and fierce tackling

were one of the brightest features of the game. His face was badly cut in the third quarter and he was forced to retire.

Gilmartin gave a fine exhibition of broken field running. Time and time again he made gains of from twenty to thirty yards. The C. U. men were unable to check this fleet back with any consistency. Early in the first quarter, after Capt. Lynch had punted from behind his line to the 30-yard stripe, "Gil," on one of his fine end runs, placed the ball on the C. U. five-yard line. Aided by C. Ryan and Bride, he finally scored the only touchdown of the game.

Jack Triggs went into the game in the third quarter and played the best game of his career. His line plunging was of the sensational type and his defensive play was also of the highest order.

The entire P. C. line presented a stonewall defence. Joe Ryan, in his new berth at tackle, played a fine game. Captain Connor, though badly cut in the first quarter, gamely remained at his post, a bulwark of strength and encouragement to his team.

For C. U. Capt. Lynch and Denault were the luminaries. The former played a strong defensive game and also furnished wonderful interference for the rest of the backfield. Denault ran back punts with amazing speed and gained many yards on forward passes.

It was by far the most bitterly contested game of the year, replete with brilliant runs, finally executed forward passes, and sure and hard tackling.

#### The summary:

Providence College	Catholic U.
J. McGee, l. e.....	r. e., Northrop
J. Ryan, l. t.....	r. t., Vosanger
Smithwick, l. g.....	r. g., Regan
Beck, c.....	c., Fitzgerald
Alford, r. g.....	l. g., Tobin
Connor (Capt.), r. t.....	l. t., May
Cullen, r. e.....	l. e., Kozak
Brickley, q. b.....	q. b., Brennan
Gilmartin, l. h.....	r. h., Garvin
Bride, r. h.....	l. h., Denault
C. Ryan, f. b.....	f. b., Lynch, (Capt.)

Score: Providence College 7; Catholic University 0. Touchdown—Gilmartin. Point after touchdown—Brickley (drop). Officials: Referee—Halloran; Umpire—Murphy (Brown); Head linesman—Rodgers (Amherst). Time—Four 15-minute quarters. Substitutions: Providence College—Clifford for Cullen, Wholey for Brickley, McKenna for McGee, Brickley for Wholey, Peloquin for Gilmartin, Reall for Smithwick, Landrigan for J. Ryan; Catholic University—White for Vosanger, May for Regan, Kerrigan for May, Lawlor for Northrop, Moore for Lawlor, Feeney for Moore, Connell for Garvin, Garvin for Denault.

Howard F. Bradley, '24

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